*Glo.* To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childish, foolish for this world.
*Qu. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
*Ri.* My Lo. of Gloucester in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So should we you, if you should be our king.
*Glo.* If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
*Qu.* As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
*Qu. Ma.* A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogither ioy lesse,
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
*Glo.* Foule wrinckled witch, what makst thou in my sight
*Q. Mu.* But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee go:
A husband, and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe are mine.
*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultlesse bloud of prettie Rutland:

His



His curses then from bitterne
Denounst against thee, are all
And God, not we, hath plagd
*Qu.* So iust is God to righ
*Hast.* O twas the foulest de
And the most mercilesse that
*Riu.* Tyrants themselues
*Dors.* No man but prophec
*Buck.* Northunberland the
*Qu. M.* What? were you sn
Readie to catch each other b
And turne you now your hat
Did Yorkes dread curse preu
That Henries death, my loue
Their Kingdoms losse, my w
Could all but answere for tha
Can curses pierce the clouds,
Why then giue way dull clou
If not by warre, by surfet die
As ours by murder, to make
Edward thy sonne, which nov
For Edward my sonne, which
Die in his youth, by like vnti
Thy selfe a Queene, for me th
Outliue thy glorie, like my w
Long maist thou liue to wail
And see another, as I see thee
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou a
Long die thy happie daies be
And after many lengthened
Die neither mother, wife, no
Riuers and Dorset, you were
And so wast thou Lo: Hastin
Was stabd with bloudie dag
That none of you may liue
But by some vnlookt accide
*Glo.* Haue done thy char
*Q. M.* And leaue out the

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